

THE

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ROME AS IT IS.

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ROME is one of the pilgrim spots of the human mind. Around it cluster the most heroic associations, and over its fallen greatness the heart utters its saddest tones and learns its saddest lessons. We believe that in Roman history the race had reached its highest point of *military* greatness. In it the problem whether a military government could stand, was solved for all after generations. The education of its youth in the profession of arms—the love of glory and scorn of death it kept alive in the hearts of the soldiers, and over all the iron and despotic sway of its rulers, strengthened and secured, as much as human skill and power can secure, that government on the firmest foundations. All the moral motives adapted to stimulate a military people, and all the physical power necessary to execute their wishes, were used with consummate skill. The freedom requisite to maintain independence of thought and feeling, and hence give character to the soldiery, was granted, while the strongest checks were furnished against the action of this wild power on the government itself. Indeed, we look upon the military government of Rome as a model one—the most perfect that human power and skill could carry out, and its failure the settlement of the principle for ever. The conquests it made, the territory it held under tribute, and the unrivalled magnificence and splendor it

reached at home, prove the energy and wisdom with which its affairs were managed. What is true of the nation, is also true of the individuals that composed it. More heroic men never lived than Rome furnished. The power of human endurance and the strength of the human will, were never more fully exhibited. They grew up stern, proud, indomitable beings, filled with a great, but lofty enthusiasm, and marked in all their actions by the highest self-respect. As the nation grew luxurious and corrupt, these features gradually wore away—but we were speaking of Rome in the prime of its manhood. I suppose we have no conception of the splendor and glory of the imperial city. Its ruins outshine modern excellence, and its *corpses* is more awful than any living nation. The imagination never recalls this fallen empire without coloring it with its ancient magnificence; and, indeed, so linked has its name become with all that is grand and awe-inspiring, that the traveller on the spot finds it difficult to believe the evidence of his senses. It is plain that he has been dreaming all his life-time, or is dreaming now. The impressions which the imagination from earliest childhood has graven on the soul, and the aspect presented to the actual eye, are so widely different, that one seems struggling between waking and sleeping—he cannot wholly shake off the early dream—and

he cannot believe that what rises before him is all that about which he has been dreaming so long.

First around Rome spreads the desolate Campagna. The plain once dotted with temples or cultivated fields, is now almost a desert. It is cut up into large farms, owned by the nobility or wealthy men in the city, and let out on shares to farmers or graziers. Very little of this, however, is fit for agricultural purposes, not even for grazing. But this very desolation around the old city, is, after all, a great relief to one's feelings. It harmonizes more with their mood and speaks their language. Bright fields, and thrifty farm-houses, and all the life and animation of a richly cultivated country would present too strong a contrast to the fallen "glory of the world." But the sterile earth, the ruins that lie strewn over the plain, and the lonely aspect all things wear, seem to side with the pilgrim as he muses over the crumbled empire. Besides, his faith is not so grievously taxed, and his convictions so incessantly shocked. He is not compelled to dig through modern improvements to read the lines that move him so deeply. There they are, the very characters the centuries have writ. He sees the foot-prints of the mighty ages, and lays his hands on their mouldering garments. Perhaps nothing fills one with thoughts of old Rome more than the ruins of the ancient aqueducts stretching for miles over this desolate Campagna, like long rows of broken colonnades, supporting here and there fragments of their architraves. Here and there a hut or Casale in ruins leaning against the sky, are the only objects that mark the plain where the Sabines, the Volsci and the Pelasgi, had in their turn striven to crush the infant empire.

The city proper now contains about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, while the whole empire, or that over which her own king has temporal sway, is but 18,117 Roman square miles, containing a population of only 2,732,736, or less than the single State of New York. The whole revenue of this fragment of by-gone power is only \$10,000,000, while the expense of collecting is \$230,000, and \$300,000 more go to pay the interest on the public debt, which has grown so large that the credit of his Holiness would be called in Wall street decidedly low.

Those mighty legions that were wont to thunder along the Appian way, and streamed in countless numbers out of the city gates on their march to conquer a world, are now repre-

sented by a miserable army of *fourteen thousand men*, and the kingly guard of Cæsar, by a richly dressed company of *fifty effeminate noblemen*; nay, he who sits on the throne of the Cæsars, is a mere dependent on the nod of Austria for his place. The city occupies perhaps a third of the ground covered by old Rome. Some idea may be obtained of the comparative dimensions of the ancient and modern city, by stating that it took *eighteen* aqueducts to supply the one, while *three* are found sufficient for the present demand. The "seven hills," renowned through all time, can still be designated. Most of them are covered with modern buildings. Two parallel palaces, built by Michael Angelo, stand on the Capitoline, while the Aventine is almost entirely naked and covered with rubbish, which it will take another century to blend with the common mass of earth. The old Palatine, along whose base runs the Forum, and one side of which looked down on the CIRCUS MAXIMUS, and the other on the Forum and Coliseum, stands desolate and lonely on the outskirts of the city. A few dwarfish trees wave along its summit, and here and there is a small patch of ground which the gardener tries to cultivate, after raking off the fragments of marble that load it like pebble stones. NERO's Golden House has crumbled away, and all its rich ornaments been the prey of the spoiler or trampled to pieces by the foot of time. Here and there a cavernous arch opens to the vaulted rooms below, once flashing with gold and silver, and rich with costly Mosaics. Tangled weeds choke the entrance, and one mighty tomb seems to have engulfed all.

But let us start from the Pincian hill on the northern side of Rome, and walk around its ruined sides and view the corpse of this once mistress of the world. The features are here, though "decay's effacing fingers" have left few of the lines of beauty. Descending the magnificent flight of steps and turning to the right, we are in a few moments at the "Piazza del Popolo," or place of the people. Here the gate opens that leads towards Florence. Turning back by a parallel street we come down the Conso, the Broadway of Rome, and once the old Appian way. Having traversed a third of its length we turn to the right, and after half a mile's walk reach the Tiber, where the famous bridge of Michael Angelo crosses it to the Castle of St. Angelo, once Adrian's Tomb. Passing on, the noble form of St. Peter's bursts on the view with its glorious front, and still more magnificent double rows of colonnades sweep-

ing down in a bold semicircle, from either extremity. From the top of this church you have Rome and the whole Campagna in one *coup d'œil*. On the north and west stretch away the Volscian, Sabine, and Albanian hills; on the south flows the Tiber through the low flat land to the Mediterranean, which sleeps placidly in the distance. Around the city on every height stand magnificent villas, while, nearer down, Rome is spread out like a map. The splendor of a noon-day sun is on it all, and the fountains before the church are sending their showers of diamonds towards the sky; while the old Egyptian obelisk that once stood in this very spot, then Nero's Circus, is dwindled to a miniature shaft from this height. Keeping along the outskirts of the city moving on towards the east, we ascend another hill to the convent of SAN ONOFRIO. Here is another beautiful view of Rome. Beside an oak tree that has lately been shivered by the tempest, Tasso was wont to sit of an evening and look down on the queen city. He had been summoned there to be crowned with the laurel wreath, but driven by sickness to this airy and salubrious spot, he would here sit for hours and gaze on Rome. But the hour of his triumph never came, and he sank away and died on this hill, while the wreath woven for his brow was hung on his tomb. Sleep quietly, thou bold-hearted poet, for the city whose praise thou didst covet is a ruin, and the hall where thou didst expect to hear the acclamations of the great, has disappeared from the knowledge of man! Keeping on our circuit, we pass the temple of Vesta, and the pyramidal tomb of CAIUS CESTUS. Turning partly back on our route and keeping still on the outskirts of the city, we come to the "Capitol." Having ascended its flight of steps, at the foot of which stands an old Roman milestone marking the first mile of the Appian way, the noble area is before us with the equestrian statue of Aurelius—the finest in the world—in the centre. Here Rienzi, "the last of the Tribunes," fell in his struggle for liberty. At the farther end is the PALACE OF THE SENATORS OF ROME. What a mockery! Rome has no senators but in name. The ancient Republic is gone, substance and shadow; then why keep alive the name? Descending on the farther side, lo! the Forum is before us! Can this be Rome, and this her ancient Forum? The Arch of Septimus Severus, covered with its disfigured but still beautiful bas-reliefs, is sunk at our feet as we lean against one of the remaining columns of "Jupiter the Thunderer" and look away to-

wards the solitary Arch of Titus at the farther end. The PALATINE, bereft of all the magnificence the Cæsars piled on its top, rises on the right, weighing down the heart with its great associations; while farther on, the grey old Coliseum draws its circular summit on the sky. Here, for the first time, the traveller comprehends what it all means. The Past gives up its dead, and the dead rear again their palaces around him. Fancy calls back the Cæsars—the golden house of Nero on that desolate hill, and philosophers slowly promenade before him along the shaded walks of the Forum. The steep Tarpeian is near by, and although its top is now a garden, yet, like Byron, the wanderer asks and answers the question the same moment.

"Is this the rock of triumph—the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? This the
steep

Tarpeian—fittest goal of Treason's race?

The promontory where the traitor's leap
Cured all ambition? Yes! and in yon field below

A thousand silenced factions sleep—

The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes, burns with
Cicero."

Yes, it is immortal ground. Here Horace used to walk and muse, as he himself says.

"Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum; totus in illis."

"Via sacra," where is it? buried many a foot beneath the ground. Yet, right there where stands the modern Capitol, once stood THE CAPITOL to which the Roman orators so often pointed to give effect to their appeals; there CAIUS GRACCHUS directed the eyes of his hearers, and in the language of despair asked if he could find refuge there, while the blood of his brother still smoked on its pavement. Thither Cicero turned, when raining his accusations on Catiline, he burst forth into thanks to the Gods that presided on that hill, and exclaimed *Ita presentes his temporibus opem et auxilium nobis tulerunt, ut eos pane oculis videri possimus*. "So palpably have they been with us in these times, bringing aid and succor, that we can almost see them with our eyes." So musing, the hill assumes its olden splendor, when the airy marble glittered along its summit, and statues of gods seemed guarding its Capitol, and silver, and gold, and precious stones made it the admiration of the world. But the structure

which the imagination reared melts away—the Cæsars are shadows—the lizard crawls over their ancient palaces, and the night bird sits and whistles in the old Forum. It is true that here Catiline trod, urged on by his fiery ambition—here Cicero thundered and grave Senators listened. But how changed has everything become! There still bends the arch of Titus, reared to grace his return from the conquest of Jerusalem. Then the haughty victor marched to the sound of music along the way, with the spoils of the Holy City carried before him, and the weeping train of Judah's captives following his triumphal chariot. Then the palace of the Cæsars rose in its glory over the Forum, and the Capitol looked down upon them laden with the trophies of a hundred battles. Now, solitary and lonely, it stands amid the surrounding ruins. Stretched away from its triumphal curve are *rope walks*, with the unconscious spinners leisurely weaving their lines in the setting sun. Titus and the Jewish captives rest together. The triumph of the one and the sufferings of the other are alike forgotten. The rope-spinner owns the Via Sacra, and the *Forum is a Cow-market*. What a satire on human pride and human ambition! The seats of grave Senators of Rome usurped by *cows from the Campagna*, and the eloquence of Cicero superseded by the wrangling of a cattle market; while, instead of schemes that involved the fate of a world in their completion, the simple-minded peasant weaves his line of flax for some Greek fishing-smack. Thus the centuries go silent by, carrying with them man and his achievements.

A short distance beyond the Forum stands the Coliseum, the grandest of all earthly ruins. The moon is sailing along the quiet heavens, casting its pale light over all, while the arches open like caverns in every direction, and the clambering ivy glistens and rustles in the passing night wind. Arch above arch, seat above seat, corridor within corridor, the mighty structure towers away, bringing back the centuries over the weak and staggering memory, till the spirit bows in silent reverence of the awful past. The moonbeams glimmer on the pebbly arena that had so often swam before the eye of the dying combatant, as voices smote his ear, "*hic habet*." But what a slight impression the earth takes from the scenes enacted upon it! The red bricks look the same as ever, and yon old column stands in the same place it stood nearly two thousand years ago. Here anger had raged, and fear fallen, and faith soared up-

ward, and tyranny and persecution mocked, but they had not left even their mark on the sand.

"And thou, bright rolling moon, did'st shine upon All this, and cast a wide and tender light, Making that beautiful which still 'was so."

A little farther on, as you return to the city, are the ruins of the Basilica of Constantine, through which the fragments of immense columns are strewn just as they fell, as time slowly pushed them one after another from their places. Stand here and hear the night bird whistle amid the shrubbery that waves along the Palatine. Darkness and night make these ruins awful, and that solitary cry, swelling upon the warm south wind, sounds like the ghost of Rome shrieking out amid the desolation.

Passing into the city, Trajan's lonely column and Forum, filled with standing fragments of beautiful columns, bid a sort of farewell to the wanderer as he again enters the streets of modern Rome. Hatters' shops, tobacco stores, French finery, and Parisian dressed belles, fill Rome of the nineteenth century. A weak and imbecile pope tells his beads "and patters prayer" where the Cæsars trod, and the triumphal processions of the Empire are changed into long trains of superstitious monks, as they go to say prayers for dead men's souls.

Starting from the Piazza Spagna, at the Pincian Hill, from which we first set out, let us go in an opposite direction towards the gate that opens the road to Naples. Passing by the magnificent church of Marie Maggiore, we come to St. John in Laterano, standing near the city walls. This is the mother Church of Rome. It is older than St. Peter's, and hence, according to the customs of the Roman Catholic Church, should be the residence of the Pope. But the Vatican and its splendor pleases his holiness better. Still the Cardinals of St. John in Laterano assert their right of precedence immediately on the death of the Pope, and exercise the chief authority not only as spiritual, but temporal rulers. They issue new laws, and do all his Holiness might do were he alive. It is a glorious structure, wrought of the richest material, and finished with elaborate skill. A beautiful Baptistery stands on one side, in which all the converts from the ranks of heretics are publicly baptized. On the other side is an edifice built over the marble staircase declared to have been brought from Pilate's house in Jerusalem, and up which our Saviour trod when he went to be tried. Men and women are constantly ascending this on their knees, muttering

prayers as they go, because it grants them indulgence for some hundreds of years, and gives to the prayer they repeat, power to save them in the direst extremity. Such crowds of devotees climb this staircase that it has been found necessary to cover the hard marble with boards to preserve it from being worn out by the knees of those who ascend. But let us turn aside a moment, as we return, to the semicircular Theatridium of the Baths of Diocletian. These magnificent baths were built in 302 by Diocletian and Maximian. Forty thousand Christians were once employed upon them—the slaves of a haughty and Pagan despot. The followers of Christ were a broken and scattered band, and the tyrant then little thought that over the ruins of all that was once so glorious in Rome, the cross would be erected in triumph, and what was once the symbol of shame and reproach, would be the standard of the Empire. This Theatridium still stands, *but it is now a cotton mill*. Yes, proud Diocletian, thy forty thousand Christians, whom thy haughty spirit humbled to the task of erecting a structure to satisfy thy soaring pride, have built after all but a *cotton mill*, and a Christian stands beside thy mighty failure and learns a lesson on human greatness he will never forget. That Christianity thou thoughtest to strangle in its infancy, now covers the strongest thrones of earth, and shall still grow stronger, while the very ruins of thy structure are slowly perishing from the sight of man. O, how Christianity did struggle for life in this old Empire! What persecutions and bloody massacres have stained the very pavements of the city! But outliving all—triumphing over all, it finally sat down on the throne of the Cesars. Yet Christianity has also outlived its own purity, and lain down at last in a drunken debauch on its greatest battle-field. Wo to thee, harlot church, for bringing such disgrace on the name by which thou didst triumph! The heart is overwhelmed with emotions in traversing Rome, where once the pulse of the world beat. All is ruin here—greatness, pride, learning, ambition, power, and last of all Christianity.

The interior of the city is like many other old cities of Europe, except that a magnificent palace, that has outlived centuries, will meet you at almost every turn. The most magnificent villa on the outskirts of Rome, is the Borghesian villa, covering acres of ground—cut up into almost endless promenades and carriage ways, and filled with trees, fountains, and statuary. To leave the dirty streets of Rome of

a sultry evening and drive through these extensive grounds, seems like entering on a fairy land. It is the only spot where the Romans seem to escape from the sombre influence of their ruined city, and relax into mirth and laughter. There is no doubt but that the air of antiquity and fallen greatness which is around Rome, affects the character of its inhabitants, making them more grave and taciturn than they otherwise would be, for it is in this respect unlike all other Italian cities. The natural vivacity of the Italian is exceedingly subdued here.

But there is one thing respecting which persons at a distance form very wrong conceptions—I mean the religious character of the Romans. They are looked upon as superstitious beings who can be made to believe whatever the pope says, and receive as truth whatever monstrous story the priest may invent; but this is not so. They are not possessed with such stupidity as the Christian world imagines. With the exception of the very ignorant, they see through the mighty farce the church plays off for its own amusement, with perfect distinctness. The pope being king, and hence all his secretaries, ministers, &c., cardinals or bishops, those of the nobility who seek for political distinction, must enter the priesthood and perform its functions. But it is entirely a political matter, and so understood among themselves. A man becomes a priest just as one joins a political party here, simply because it is a stepping-stone to influence in the state. The others acquiesce, and are silent, and apparently credulous, because to act otherwise, would be a double rebellion—first against the king, and second against the head of the church. We have never obtained the confidence even of the most common people, without hearing them speak in the bitterest terms against the pope and his cardinals. They tax ruinously the poor, and *that* they feel. The licentious lives of the priesthood are well known, and *fear*, not *superstition*, shuts the mouths of the subjects of his Holiness. The Catholic religion is losing ground every day, and whatever the catechism may say, intelligent Catholics do not believe in the infallibility of the pope, any more than the Americans believe in the infallibility of their president. The trickery which in earlier ages blinded the people is now laughed at; and if the clergy were as much scorned and despised in this country, as the multitude of friars and monks are in Rome and Italy, we should think the profession was soon to be extinct. The men pay less and less attention to the ceremonies of the Church,

and we should call corresponding action here infidelity. Indeed, we believe there is more infidelity, than Roman Catholicism, this day among the intelligent class of Italians. Thus, while by adapting itself to the institutions of every new country into which it introduces itself it gains a foothold and spreads, it loses in its own land, by adhering to its old superstitions and nonsense, which the spirit of the age rejects. We believe that Italy in heart is nearly half infidel, and that Paris itself is scarcely more sceptical than the very seat of his Holiness—ROME. What this infidelity will work is more than any one can tell. What influence it will have on political matters will depend on circumstances which no one can foresee or predict. But one thing we think is certain—however much the form of the Catholic religion may prevail, the pope will constantly lose power till his spiritual will become what his temporal throne now is, a mere shadow. Indeed, there is a tradition now in Rome among the lower classes that this is the last pope that will ever sit on the throne. We are surprised to find this in the mouths of the ignorant. Whether Italy will ever assume again, under any dynasty or form of government, her appropriate place among the nations of the earth, is very doubtful. If she does, she will be the first nation that has grown old with decay, and again become regenerated. In this respect, nations follow the law of human life. If age once seizes upon them they never grow young again. They must first die and have an entirely new birth, while this new birth never immediately succeeds the death. Everything there is old—

cities, houses, and churches. The whole economy of outward life must be changed to fit the spirit that is now abroad in the world. Indeed, we have no faith in the multitude of conspiracies with which Italy is filled. The struggling spirit is not strong enough, or at least cannot be sufficiently combined. The poor and suffering have become too poor. They are beggars that do not care enough for liberty to fight for it; while those who should guide the popular will, seem to lack the steady energy that inspires confidence. The love of pleasure and its pursuit take from the manliness of the Italian character, so necessary to a republican form of government. The northern provinces are far better in this respect than the southern. In Genoa, for instance, there is a great deal of nerve and stern republicanism remaining which may yet recall the days of Spinola. But the moral and religious renovation is a still more desperate undertaking. It is easier to revolutionize a corrupt church, than reform it, as Luther most fully proved. But a religious revolution in Rome necessarily involves a political one, and reason as men will; they *must* go together. The church and state are one and indissoluble, and the death of either involves the destruction of the other. But "what is writ," and religion must yet revive amid those ruins. The scarlet robes of the cardinals correspond so perfectly with the description in the Revelations, that the Protestant believer is startled as he looks on them. They seem to wear the insignia of the condemned, and flaunt out before his eyes the apparel which utters beforehand their doom.

THE DYING INDIAN CHILD.

A PRIVATE letter, received from a missionary in India, contains the following interesting account of the death of a little child, one of the first fruits of missionary labors at the station.

"A branch of this dear native church is forming in heaven. Two have gone to join the redeemed host during the year from our orphan girls. They had not been admitted to communion, but they were the acknowledged lambs of the flock. They both died rejoicing in Christ, though both quite young, about ten years. The death of one was truly triumphant. She was sick but a short time, yet she was

sensible that the time of her departure was near. She looked at the narrow coffin, and the dark grave, and at the mysteries of eternity, and in view of all, rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. She had fixed her hope on Christ, she had committed her soul to him, she was assured he would never leave nor forsake her. All was bright around, before, and within her, as she calmly awaited the arrival of the messenger that was to take her hence. The night before her death, after the prayers of the family had been closed in the adjoining room where she could hear, her teacher, Mrs. T.,

went to her and asked her if she would say her prayers before she went to sleep. I have said them, was her reply. Dear girl, she felt that her Saviour was near, and her joyful soul could not wait until a late hour before she poured out her feeble accents into the ear of him who died to save her. She had no desire to get well or to stay with us; she longed to go and be with Jesus, and be free from sin. She died about nine o'clock in the morning, and as her spirit was departing, she called for the reading of the 14th chapter of John. What a beautiful chapter for meditation at the moment of crossing Jordan! Happy spirit! she has entered the mansions which her Saviour had gone before to prepare for all them that love him. She is now satisfied, having awaked with his likeness. 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers.'

This incident awakened in my mind interesting reflections connected with the missionary work. We are too apt, in watching the results of these labors, to look for such as are of a general and public nature, and to overlook those, which, though far less pretending or imposing in their appearance, are by no means possessed of less interest. The accounts, too, which we have in public journals and documents, dwell more upon the outward aspects of the cause, than upon the private details of the work which are often by far the most interesting. It is therefore refreshing, as we are looking towards the land of darkness, straining our eyes to catch even the glimmerings of light, to be transported across the wide ocean, and though surrounded by the blackness of paganism, to be permitted to take our stand by the dying bed of a heathen once, but one now redeemed and justified, and just ready to be glorified through the blood of Jesus Christ and by the spirit of our God. And the more refreshing is it when we look back a few years and remember what must have been the state of the one now falling asleep in Jesus, had she remained ignorant of Christ and of his salvation. A dark cloud hung over her at her birth. The day had not dawned, nor had the day-star arisen upon her heart. All around was darkness, and had not God in his mercy sent, and man in obedience to his grace carried, thither the sweet message of his love, darkness would have still brooded over her soul. And how cheerless would have been the closing scene! No Saviour's arm could have been underneath to support the wasting frame and the sinking spirit. No sweet consolations could have min-

gled with the pains of the dying strife. No hope of heaven could have shed its hallowed radiance around her couch, and lighted up the dark and uncertain future. All, all must have been hopeless and cheerless. But how different the scene now that she has heard the glad tidings of great joy, and they have been carried to her heart by the spirit of God! There is no shuddering fear of the grim messenger, but he is welcomed with a smile as the harbinger of glory, the messenger of him who, having redeemed, has sent to call her home. She starts not back from the dark grave, but says,

'Since Jesus has lain there, I heed not its gloom,'

and cheerfully walks down into the tomb. Hope, bright heaven-born hope, irradiates the future and points to the land of the blest, where the sorrows of earth shall never enter, and its sins shall ne'er be known. As sweetly and peacefully does she fall asleep in death to awake in heaven, as ever in smiling infancy she closed her eyes at night to open them again in the morning. With joy we follow her spirit in our imagination, as it leaves the clay tabernacle and ascends to him who gave it, to rejoice eternally in his presence.

The peculiar fitness of the portion of Scripture which this little orphan, and once heathen, but now Christian child, selected as the theme of meditation while she walked through the dark valley, had never so forcibly struck my mind before; but what could be more appropriate at such an hour! "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." These are just the words for a dying saint to dwell upon, while leaving the shores of time and launching upon the broad ocean of eternity; and more than once, since receiving the letter from which I made the extract, when called to attend the children of God to the brink of the flood, as in the discharge of duty I am often called, I have taken the Bible and read these touching and sweetly consoling words of the Redeemer; and methinks that when I come, myself, to lie down upon a dying bed, nothing can give me more peace or more effectually drive away the fears of death, than to hear this gracious assurance from the Saviour, that he has gone to prepare a place for each one of his friends in the mansions of his Father's house, and that where he is there we shall be also.

G.

THE FOREST DEAD.

A RIVER ran with lucid swell
The forest glens along,
And wakened on the evening air
A flood of liquid song;
The moonbeams lay in silver sheen
Upon its glassy wave,
Or quivered in the diamond dew
Its wealth of gems that gave.

And on its banks of verdant hue
In floral beauty bright,
I strangely thought no step but mine
Would tempt the stilly night;
And like some lone ascetic throned
Upon my moss-grown seat,
Sat in the shadow of the wood
Its dreamy forms to greet.

But soon the sleeping mound that lay
Upon its flower-girt bed,
Called up its peopled shades to pay
The dim rites of the dead;
And forth a band of forest sons
Their dark-browed daughters led,
And silently their chieftains came
With slow and spirit tread.

Their solemn faces, cold and stern,
Turned to the pale-robed moon,
And on their unforgiving lips
The muttered orison;
No dew-drop from the leaf they shook,
Nor stirred the pensile stem,
But passed on Fancy's silent wing,
That first had wakened them.

And there is not in glen or glade
As when that river ran,
Or in the forest depths—a path
But whispers of its clan,
That dwelt in peaceful freedom there,
And chased the agile deer,
Or brought with feathery arrow down,
The wild bird in the air.

There's not a leaf-clad tree that smiles,
In greenness on the eye,
But whispers of the noteless dead
That 'neath its branches lie;
The waters on their silent breast
Bear records of the past—
Its names are written on the sky,
Are echoed on the blast.

Sleep on, ye deeply injured race,
 Your memory cannot die,
 For earth hath chronicled your names—
 Your wrongs are blazoned high;
 Your forms will haunt our pathway still,
 Till with a mighty tread,
 We sweep the ancient forest down—
 The archives of the dead.

C. M.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY CONGREGATION.

THAT "Old White Meeting-House," and the "Grave-Yard," and good Mr. Rogers, have come back to me with such freshness of lineament and power of impression, that I have half flattered myself into the idea that those who read these sketches, have caught something of the same regard for those scenes that fills my own old heart. And why should *they* not love them as well as I? These are no fancy sketches, and their charm lies not in my pen or pencil; rather the lights and shades in which I must clothe them, are a damage to them, and it is, therefore, an aim of mine to spread them out just as they lie in my mind's eye, so that, as far as possible, the reader may see them just as I see them, though he cannot love them as one must who can say, with the school-boy who displays his knowledge of Virgil by reciting in Latin, "*All of which I saw and part of which I was*."

And now, as faithful historians, come we to the people of that congregation. Come from your graves, old men and women of my native parish, come stand up before me while I draw your portraits and write your history! But they come not. Of all that were the men and women grown when I was a boy, how few of them are there now! A few years ago I broke away from the city, and made a flying visit to the old town. I reached there on Saturday. No one knew me. A friend, yes, one whom I had grown up with from childhood, and knew me as well as an own brother, nodded to me as I passed, as they do to all strangers in the country, but the smile of recognition was wanting, and I felt truly a stranger in a strange land. I stopped and claimed his acquaintance without mentioning my name, and he looked steadily at me, but declared he had never seen me before. Alas, what work time makes with us! I look in the glass, but can see no change; and why

should others find it out? Yet I see it in them, and they in me. "*Tempora mutantur,*" &c. Times change, and we change with them. We are hastening to the great and last change.

On Sunday I went to church in the new meeting-house on the site of the old one; and what a change was here! The square pews had yielded place to the modern cushioned slips, the high pulpit overhung with a threatening sounding-board which I was always afraid would one day fall and crush poor Mr. Rogers when he preached so loud as to make it and me shake, had been supplanted by a railed platform and desk. But these were nothing to the change in the faces of the people. Those old familiar faces! Where were they? I looked here, and I looked there, and everywhere, but I found them not, and shall not find them till the "old marble" of the grave-yard breaks at the sound of the last trump, and the tomb resigns its trust. Holy men; the salt of the earth; men of faith and prayer; men of God! Some of you were like Enoch, and no wonder that God took you; one was like Elijah, and went after him; and many of you were men of whom the world was not worthy, and so earth lost you that heaven might gain you! Peace to your ashes! O that each of you had left a son in your own image to perpetuate your name and your virtues! Good men were always scarce, and will be scarcer now that you are gone.

They were farmers mostly, those men were. They wrought with their own hands in the fields and the threshing-floor, and were INDEPENDENT men, if there ever were independent men on the face of the earth. There was no river, or canal, or rail-road, by which their produce could be transported to market, and by which the vices of the city could be transported to them; and thus were they saved from many of the sources of corruption that blight the vil-

lages which the march of improvement has reached. Often we see a secluded hamlet where purity and peace nestle as in their native heaven, till the rage of the times drives an iron pathway right through its heart, a great tavern rises by its side, fashion, folly and vice, come along in the cars and stop, and then farewell to the quietness and virtue of that rural abode. Not so was it with our town. When the harvest was gathered and threshed, the farmers loaded up their wagons with the great bags, and drove off thirty or forty miles to market, and returned with some of the comforts, and a few of the luxuries, of life; the rest of their wants being readily supplied from the farm and the country store. Thus were their days spent in the peaceful pursuit of the most honorable and worthy calling to which man was appointed. Fewer temptations, and more pleasures, cluster around the path and home of the farmer, than of any other man. He is not free from the reach of sin or sorrow, it is very true, and who is? Adam was a farmer, and the forbidden tree stood in the middle of his garden, and sin entered and made his Paradise a prison. But of all earthly callings, there is none in which there is so much to lead the soul to God, to take it away from the vanities of the world, to train the mind for communion with heaven, and prepare it for unbroken intercourse with heavenly and divine things, as in that of the farmer who with his own hands tills the field, breaks up the fallow ground, sows the seed, prays and waits for the early and latter rain, watches the springing of the grain, rejoices in the ripening ear, gathers the sheaves in his bosom and with thankful heart fills his storehouse and barn, and sits down content with the competent portion of good things which have fallen to his lot.

But let us come back to our farmers. They were men of principle and prayer. I will give an instance of the power of principle among them. Long, long before the era of the present temperance reform, Mr. Rogers, the minister, awoke to the evils resulting from the use of ardent spirits, even in an agricultural district like that in which he lived. The farmers, in those days, were wont to purchase their rum by the barrel and to drink it freely, not only without any apprehensions of its ever doing them any harm, but in the firm persuasion that they could not do without it, and that it was one of the blessings of Providence, of which they should make a free use with thankfulness. But Mr. Rogers, with a long-sightedness for

which he was remarkable, foresaw the mischief the practice was begetting, and determined to lift up a standard against it. Accordingly, the "Old White Meeting-House" thundered with an anti-drinking blast, in which the evils of the practice in all their moral, physical, and social bearings, were set forth in words that fell like burning coals on the heart, and electrified the congregation. The good people wondered and meditated. There must be something in it, or Mr. Rogers would not have brought it home to them with such pungency and power. They thought of it with earnestness. Mr. Rogers visited some of the largest farmers and proposed to them to try the experiment of "haying and harvesting" one season without rum. It was such a strange idea, that almost every one said it would be impossible to find men to do the work, and the crops would rot in the field. But two or three of the best of them were induced to try it. The result was most happy. They gave the hired men the usual cost of the rum as an advance upon their wages; they were perfectly satisfied. The work was done in better time and in better style, and the experiment was pronounced on all hands, successful beyond controversy. The result was proclaimed through the town. The next year it was tried by several others, and soon it became a general practice among the farmers of that congregation, although the date of the temperance reformation is some years this side of that movement which was as decided and important as any one instance of reform which has ever since been made. Indeed, I have now a sermon which this same Mr. Rogers preached against the use of *intoxicating drinks*, from the text, "Who hath woes," &c., and which was delivered and printed *before I was born*, yet I can remember the opening of the modern temperance reformation.

Yet there was very little intemperance even prior to this period. There were a few drunkards whose portraits I would add to these sketches, but that they are very much like unto modern drunkards; and their portraits are not very pleasant pictures. There was not, however, one in that whole town so given to the use of rum, as a man whose house I passed yesterday, and who is now on his *thirteenth hogshhead of rum*; he is seventy years of age, he buys his rum by the barrel, and drinks steadily, year in and year out, and hopes to live to exhaust some hogshheads more! The generation of such men, we trust in God, is rapidly drawing to a close, and that they may leave no

successors to tread in their footsteps, we will never cease to pray.

The firmness of principle which marked some of these men, seems *now* incredible when I observe the general degeneracy of the times on which we have fallen. You might as soon turn the sun from its course, as to seduce from the path of virtue the Roman Fabricius, or elder Joseph Butler, of our congregation. In business he was true to the right, as the needle to the pole; and when questions of doubtful propriety were dividing the opinions of men, when you had found where truth and righteousness meet, there was Joseph, as calm, but firm as a rock, or the angel Abdiel, "faithful among the faithless."

He *would* do his duty, come what might. Here he had learned much of Mr. Rogers, but more of his Bible. When the enemy came in, like a flood, or in the still small current of seductive vice, Joseph Butler was at his pastor's side, true as steel, holding up his hands like Aaron or Hur, and there he would have stood in the face of all the Amalekites of the universe. Such elders are rare now. One Sunday, there was a family in church from the far city of New York. They had come up there to visit some country relations, and two or three of them gay city girls burst out laughing in the midst of the sermon. The cause was this. The old aunt, whom they had come to visit, had stopped in at one of the neighbors on the way to church, and had borrowed some little yellow cakes, called *turnpikes*, and used I believe for some purpose or other in baking bread. She had thrust them into her work-bag, which she carried on her arm, and during sermon having occasion to use her handkerchief, she drew it forth suddenly, and out flew the *turnpikes*, rolling and scampering over the floor. The city girls tittered at this, as if it were very funny. Their seat was on the side of the pulpit, so that the pastor did not see them, or he would have brought them to order by a look, or a blow on the desk, which would have sent the blood out of their cheeks, though their cheeks would have been *red* after that. But Joseph Butler saw them, and rising in his seat, struck with his psalm-book on the top of the pew—the preacher paused—the congregation sat dumb—the good elder spoke, calmly but with energy, "*those young women will stop that laughing in the house of God;*" they did stop; the pastor proceeded; Joseph sat down, and the city girls gave no occasion for the exercise of summary church discipline, during the

remainder of their summer visit. The old aunt was at first disposed to resent the rebuke as an insult, and did complain to Mr. Rogers, but she soon saw that the offence deserved the punishment, and she submitted.

I am a little fearful that the reader will think these incidents were so common that they were characteristic of our Sabbath services. Not so. They were "few and far between," years rolling away unbroken by a single circumstance to disturb the profound solemnity, the almost monotony of sacred worship, in those venerable walls. The people always the same, the services always the same, the preaching, the singing *almost* always the same in style, there was little variety; and, consequently, these incidents occurring in the lapse of years, have made the deeper impression on my mind, and now start up with freshness and life when I sit down to chronicle the past. Thus another comes, and I must tell it, whether or not in its proper place in the chronicles of this country congregation.

There was among the people always at church, an old man by the name of Riding. He was not a pious man, and withal was very hard of hearing, so that having neither interest in the truth, nor the power to hear it with ease, he went to meeting from force of habit, took his seat with his back to the minister, and quietly sinking into slumber, slept steadily to the close of service. This was his constant practice. There was also a woman, Mrs. Burtis, whose mind was slightly sprung, and whose nervous temperament was specially excitable by scenes of suffering, whether real or imaginary, meeting her eye or her ear. Thus the sight of a fellow-being in circumstances of sudden and dreadful distress, would throw the old lady into fits, when she would scream so terrifically that it would have been nothing strange if all around her had gone into fits to keep her company. She sat in the same pew with old Mr. Riding, and directly in front of him, looking up to the minister. Mr. Rogers was describing the destruction of Jerusalem as a wonderful example of the fulfilment of prophecy. He came to speak of the awful fact that delicate women took their own children, and killed them, and cooked them, and ate them, so fearful was the power of ghastly famine over all the strongest and holiest impulses even of the mother's heart. He had wrought up the description with great skill and effect, and being excited with the theme, he portrayed with great pathos and power the scene where the Roman soldiers burst into a house, attracted by the smell of

meat, and demanded it of the hands of the trembling woman within. She goes to the closet and brings forth upon a dish the fragments of her half eaten child, and places it before the horror-stricken soldiers. Mrs. Burtis had been listening with riveted ears to the dreadful tale; the fire in her brain had been gathering fierceness as the preacher proceeded, but when the dish with the baked babe came out of the closet, she could stand it no longer; reason let go the reins; and springing from her seat, Mrs. Burtis pounced upon old Mr. Riding, who was sleeping in front of her, and with both hands seizing his grey locks, she screamed at the very top of her shrill voice, "*Where's the woman that killed my child?*" The old man waked in amazement, but so utterly confounded, that although his hair did not stand on end, for the very good reason that Mrs. Burtis held it down with her eagle talons, yet his "voice clung to his jaws." Not a word did he utter, but with meekness worthy of the martyrs, he held his peace until Joseph Butler and another elder rose, and disentangling her fingers from the hair, conducted her quietly from the house, and the preacher went on with his narrative.

This was the most exciting scene I ever knew to transpire in that or any other church in the ordinary course of things. Some years afterwards, I was travelling in the State of Massachusetts; and spending the Sabbath in a country town, I attended church, where an incident of not a little novelty occurred. A farmer, who, I was afterwards informed, had a great fancy for driving spirited horses, got asleep in the middle of the sermon, and probably dreaming of his favorite pursuit, and thinking that the horses were getting away from him, started to his feet, and in a stentorian voice cried "WHOA." The effect was to bring the preacher to a dead halt, but the effect upon the startled people is not to be described.

I have mentioned the traits of one elder. There was another, Warren Kirtland, a man of faith and prayer, whose life was the best of sermons, and who being dead, yet speaks in the power of his memory, which is cherished with reverence among his posterity. He was not endowed with more than ordinary powers of mind, but he read his Bible much, and prayed much, and conversed much with his minister, and listened with devout attention to the instructions of the sanctuary, so that he was indeed an intelligent Christian, able to teach by word, as well as by the power of a godly life. If, as sometimes was the case, Mr. Rogers was

prevented from being with his people on the Sabbath, it was customary to read a sermon to the people. This was usually done by a worthy lawyer, and then elder Kirtland was called on to pray; and such was the respect which the sincere and humble piety of that good man commanded, that I venture to say the prayers of the minister were never more acceptable to the people, or more efficacious in the ear of heaven.

The greatest funeral which was ever known in that town, was at the burial of another of the elders, named after the father of the faithful, and worthy to bear the name. He was the friend of God; a pillar in the church, and worth a score of the half-dead and half alive sort of Christians which abound in our congregations,—dead weights, some of them, and others curses. At Abraham Van Slate's funeral, there were miles of wagons, filled with people from all parts of the surrounding country, who had come to testify their respect for one of the best of men. He was gathered to his fathers, but he left a son bearing his name who was chosen to bear also his office, and whose wisdom and piety fitted him to sustain the high trust he received with his ascending father's mantle. Good men and true, were those men, and there is a secret reverence around my heart as I thus record their virtues, which shows me how easy it is for poor human nature, under the ignorance and superstition of popery, to be led into the false but natural notion of seeking the prayers of departed saints.

These were leaders in the church. There was as great a variety of character as is usual in a country congregation, but I am not permitted to fill the book with their history, or the reader should hear more of them. I wanted to tell of "Old Jack," a blind negro, once a slave, now free, and the Lord's freeman, one of the most remarkable examples of the power of divine grace that the world can show. He was small in stature, old, hump-backed, blind, and black. After such a description, true to the letter, it will hardly be credited that he was a useful member of the church, qualified to lead in prayer and to make a word of exhortation to the edification of others, and that his gifts were often called into exercise in the social meeting. His piety was deep and fervent, and his faculties so shrewd and strong, that his remarks were always pointed and pertinent, and often displayed an intimate knowledge of the human heart, and such close conversation with God as few of the most intelligent Christians enjoy.

Many of his sayings might here be recorded, or his life and conversation might be written out as a Tract, to the glory of Him who thus perfects his own praise out of the mouths of the most humble and unlikely instruments.

I wish you could see old Mrs. Sniffle, the gossip of the congregation, in her rounds of absorption, fastening herself upon every one, to take in, like a sponge, whatever they would impart, that she might have the sweet satisfaction of leaking it to others. Her harvest time was at the close of the morning service, when the most of the people remained in their respective pews to eat their dinner, which those from a distance brought with them. This was the favorable moment for Mrs. Sniffle's expediting, and darting out of her own seat, she would drop in at another, out with her snuff-box, pass it round, and inquire the news. Staying just long enough to extract the essence of all the matters in her line to be met with there, she would make all haste to the pew of some one from another neighborhood, where she would impart the information she had just received with her own edifying comments, pick up as many additional fragments of facts as she could find, and pass on to another pew, spending the whole of the interval of Divine worship in this avocation, and the leisure of the week to come, in spreading among her neighbors these items of news, especially such as come under the head of scandal. It is only just to the people, however, to add that Mrs. Sniffle was a black sheep in the flock; there was not another like her, and we may well say, happy is that people which is so well off as to have only one Mrs. Sniffle. Of the good people in our congregation, I have given but examples of a whole class, while such characters as Mrs. Sniffle were single and alone.

Take them in mass, and they were a sober, temperate, orderly, devout people; delighting in the ordinances of God's house, and striving together to promote the glory of the Saviour. If you saw them standing in groups around the door before the service began on the Sabbath day, it was not to trade horses or talk politics, as I have known the practice to be in other places, but more likely it was to speak of the state of religion in their neighborhoods or their

hearts, though the young and thoughtless doubtless found topics of conversation more congenial to their unsanctified tastes. And then there was a set that always went over to a little red tavern across the green, and where old Mr. and Mrs. Doubleby lived; and what they said and did when they got there, I will not undertake to say. I wish you could see old Mrs. Doubleby standing in the front door with her hands folded under her checked apron, and her spectacles on her forehead, chatting with everybody that passed, or scolding the boys who loved to stone her geese and sheep which she pastured on the green or in the grave-yard. She was a character; but her virtues, if any, and faults, if many, will be alike unknown to future generations, for her only chance of immortality in history is while I am writing this paragraph, and this is done.

And so must this part of this record be brought to a close, even in its very opening. How many of that people would I love to mention, for now they come thickening around me, and I see their faces as if thirty years ago were only yesterday!

" Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

And now in this still night, the thoughts of those friends of my youth come back with such sweetness, that I fear to drop the pen lest the illusion should cease and the vision vanish.

" Guides of my life! instructors of my youth!
Who first unveiled the hallowed form of Truth;
Whose every word enlightened and endeared;
In age beloved, in poverty revered;
In friendship's silent register ye live;
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give."

But I must stop, for the number gains upon me every moment that I write; as the same poet saith whose sweet words we have just recited:

" Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!"

CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

(SEE PLATE.)

O FAVORED scenes where Jesus daily walked !
O happy paths where he was wont to tread !
O blessed Judea, where the Prince of Peace
Trod o'er its hills and plains ; where fruitful trees,
And glens, and blooming flowers, and rippling streams
Were hallowed oft with words of heavenly truth !

He looked around, and love divinely beamed
O'er every scene. His words were peace. His touch
Made cripples leap in ecstasy—restored
The palsied limb, and sightless orbs that ne'er
Had seen the noon-day sun, had ne'er gazed forth
Upon the starry sky, or spreading fields,
That ne'er had spoken in their look of love,
Received their sight, and fixed their first long gaze
Of gratitude and love upon their Lord ;
At His sweet word the listening sense revived,
Rejoicing first to hear Messiah speak ;
The withered hand its cunning knew again,
And patient sufferers from their beds of pain,
Arose and walked in manhood's fullest prime !
The Spirit hastened from the shades of death,
When He, the Lord of all, His fiat gave,
And sepulchres restored their chosen prey.

Fond mothers who had heard his glorious name,
With strong devoted love essayed to win
A blessing for their babes. Among them walked
A Prophet clothed in wisdom, love, and power !
Would He but speak unto their little ones,
And hear their well-loved names, and call them bless'd,
Would he but give one gracious smile of love,
Their fondest wish would win its richest boon.

They brought them near : the wayward child that roamed
In thoughtless glee beyond the watchful eye ;
The laughing babe, whose little arms were stretched
To clasp the mother's neck, unconscious still ;
The timid one who just had learned to lisp
His wondrous name, and shrunk with rev'rent fear
Behind her mother's form,—all gathered round.

But there were some who murmured at the sight ;
Could He, the Lord of all, the Prince of Peace,
The long-expected One, whose word alone
Made lepers clean, and burst the bars of death,
The raging tempest stilled, the thunders hushed—
Who bade the dashing waves, the stormy winds,

Be calm and rest—would he descend to speak
 To prattling babes, or hear the infant lip
 His sacred name? Would he receive the youth
 Whose truant steps defied the parent's care,
 Or call them blessed whose wandering thoughts were filled
 With fancies such as lure the childish heart?

Sweet and enticing was his gracious smile!
 His look compassion spake, and love divine
 Illumed His eye, and gentle words declared
 His heavenly care for little ones like those:
 "Oh, suffer them to come, forbid them not,
 Of such my Father's kingdom is, and ye
 Like them must be in innocence and love!"
 Then on each head he laid his sacred hand,
 And mercy dropping in the holy word
 With fond compassion blessed the little throng.

Such works were His! rejoicing all who came
 With richest tokens of his love and power!
 He who could give to flowers a mighty tongue,
 And make the lily speak celestial truth,
 Who looked around and made familiar scenes
 More sacred by His lessons, shed new light
 On things grown old, and caused them all to spring
 Before the mind in heavenly truth attired—
 He well could look upon and bless the babes,
 Types of those purer spirits who surround
 His Father's throne, and who from sense and sin
 By grace removed, for ever there shall bloom!

THE KEY TO THE HEART.

THE circumstance which we are about to relate occurred several years ago, and is narrated without embellishment or exaggeration, as corroborative of the sentiment that there is a key to every man's heart, which properly used will open it. Often, indeed, the infatuated transgressor, after locking his heart, has thrown the key away, and long and painful search may be requisite to its recovery; but blessed is he that finds it—blessed in all silent hours of thoughtful retrospect—blessed on earth and among the stars, now and for ever blessed is he that saves a soul from death. To save a soul is better than to create one. In the one case immortal existence is given instead of non-existence; in the other immortal misery is exchanged for immortal joy.

In the city of ———, in the fall of 18—, lived a young man (Barnet, we shall call him), of pro-

fligate habits but of respectable origin and training, but whom an expensive viciousness and acquaintanceship had reduced to the necessity of becoming a sharper in order to sustain himself and keep up appearances, or else to reform, shake off his associates, and labor for an honest living. He chose the former course. For a year or two he appears to have earned the character of a regular *chevalier d'industrie*, and on several occasions barely escaped the clutches of the law. Finding himself suspected and watched in his then residence, he resolved to change the field of his operation. A highly favorable opportunity soon occurred. Mr. G., the junior partner of a house in that city, engaged in an extensive business in the west and south, was about to make a collecting tour. By some means Barnet made himself acquainted with the details of Mr. G.'s business, and the

points at which he proposed stopping, and determined to set out at the same time on the same route, to gain his acquaintance, and if possible his confidence on the journey, and in due time plunder his victim. The plan seemed to promise complete success. The travellers were soon on the best of terms. Barnet possessed that easy affability, that unanxious, cheerful spirit, which disarms suspicion and invites communicativeness; and Mr. G., glad of the company of his townsman to relieve the silence and tedium of the journey, frequently urged Barnet to wait for him, when he affected to be in haste to get on, and hesitated not at all at being his room-mate or even bed-fellow. So artfully did B. manage his card, that not a misgiving arose during the whole journey but that he was on urgent and honest business. Mr. G. was very successful in collecting, but Barnet, not considering his friend's saddle bags quite heavy enough, delayed. At this time G. was taken with a sudden and alarming fit of sickness, and Barnet was his only dependance and nurse. A raging fever, attended with delirium, set in, and such was the violence of the disorder, acting too upon a constitution naturally frail, that it seemed that he must die. While in this condition he remembered that at a town about thirty miles distant was settled as a physician a relative of his wife, and he felt an earnest desire to see him. He begged, therefore, of Barnet to take his horse, a fine fleet animal, and ride express after his relative. This seemed to B. the right moment. Stealthily possessing himself of the merchant's treasure, which was easily done, he started apparently on his errand, but with the intention of fleeing with his booty, and leaving his unfortunate companion to his fate. Escape seemed easy, and the amount of money in his hands large. It was then that the better angel reasoned with the heart of this guilty man. It seemed to him that he could hear the deep breathing and the heavy groans of the sick traveller whom he had plundered and deserted, and as if he heard him calling him to return and cool his parched lips. He thought of the wife and children of the lonely, smitten man. The awful sin against humanity which he was committing, the virtual murder he was perpetrating upon one who had never wronged him, entered his soul like a burning bolt. And then that deep breathing seemed again to mingle with the breeze, and to hang upon his ear, the most sorrowful and reproachful of all sounds. He could go no farther. In an instant his purpose was changed. With the utmost speed of which

his horse was capable he discharged his errand, returned, replaced the money, resumed his watching by the sick man's bed, and in a short time rejoiced to see him able to continue his journey.

Barnet's means were now exhausted. Without mentioning his situation to his companion, who now resumed his route, he gave some feigned reason for changing his own course, and the travellers parted. B. set his face towards home and reached it, by working on the way, weeks after his companion had returned in renewed health from his successful tour. Poor B. found himself at home without credit, without friends, and without employment. None knew him but to scoff at him. His situation was desperate. The recollection of the crime of which he had commenced the execution, haunted him like a fiend. He could neither unbosom himself to any one, nor find relief from the sting of conscience. It was then that he resolved to do something that should expose him to imprisonment and afterwards suffer himself to be taken. With this view he committed a robbery, was taken by the police, and condemned to the state prison and to solitary confinement for three years. Here, within this gloomy and frowning enclosure, conscience held her solemn inquisition upon his conduct and his heart, and smote with scorpion whip the trembling and self-condemned culprit. Mysterious and awful power that men call conscience! Wo to him who has incurred its curse! Like a thief in the night, silently and suddenly it shall steal upon him and demand, "Pay me that thou owest," and show to him the loathsome depths of his pollution and degradation. In this state of mind Barnet continued months after the prison had received him. The one idea of his degraded and guilty character filled his mind and wrought it into agony. Hope and comfort for him he seems not to have dreamed possible. In this situation he was found by one of the directors of the prison, a pious man, who was accustomed to feel a warm interest in the spiritual condition of the prisoners, and who was happily gifted with that winning manner, and that manifest benevolence of character, that are so important in such labors. He inquired judiciously and kindly into the state of Barnet's mind, whom he found at first indisposed to be communicative, but in the course of the interview, he evidently gained upon his confidence. At the next interview he completely succeeded, and then, for the first time to any human being, the wretched man disclosed his whole history. His statement was so extraor-

dinary, that the inspector called on Barnett's late fellow traveller to see if his account of the journey corresponded with that of the prisoner. It did correspond in every particular, except, as we have said, not a suspicion had ever disturbed his mind of Barnett's baseness of purpose. An interview between the *quondam* travellers was brought about. The apparently deep penitence of Barnett was met by the hearty forgiveness and unaffected kindness of the merchant, and as he trusts also by the grace of the Redeemer. The few individuals to whom the case was made known, with an enlightened philanthropy which is but too rare in an age that boasts its liberality, generously encouraged his repentings and better purposes, and paved the way for his return to a life of virtue and honest industry, and the confidence and kindness accorded him were not thrown away. He is a redeemed man, a valuable member of society, exemplarily honoring the relations of husband, father, neighbor and friend, all of which he fills; and the mother who in the days of his guilty folly hung her head when her first-born was named, and carried a wound in her bosom no medicine could heal, now gazes in his face again and traces there the radiant lineaments of an honest man and a loving son.

We see in this little narrative, that bad as this man was at one period of his life, there nevertheless was a key to his heart; in other words, that he had not sinned away all his sensibilities. Conscience, though slumbering, was not dead. The breathing of the forest breeze awoke it, startled it with the potency of a dying man's moan, from its long dream of guilt! filled his soul with the horrors of remorse, and compelled him to seek shelter from himself and the world in the solitude of a prison. There, in the midst of his unsanctified gloom, a pitying heart found him, and with a wise sympathy sought his recovery to virtue and happiness, taught him the way and encouraged him to attempt it. This saved him, so far as means could avail, and the result is such as to encourage the belief that in all like cases like efforts will be successful. Man is fearfully and wonderfully made, not only in his physical but in his mental and moral constitution. Slight influences disturb the balance. There are moods of the mind in which a word or a look will agitate its profoundest depths, and sway it to and fro like the rocking waves of the troubled ocean. Perhaps in the experience of every transgressor there are moments when the heart will harden or dissolve according as a single tone falling upon it is gentle or

hard; as at the moment of congelation the waters freeze if the north breathe upon them, but continue their flow and murmuring music if southern breezes arise. O, if at such moment there was a kindred heart, Christlike, humanized, with a tear and a hope for the vilest of its kind, to say, "Brother, arise, there is bread, and to spare in our Father's house. Return, and sin no more;" was it ever known from the beginning that no glance on the countenance, no moisture in the eye, returned its sign of recognition, if not of almost persuadedness? Alas, alas for us, not falsely, nor without personal experience, sang Scotland's bard—

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

We do not pity each other well. We are not mutually merciful. Nay, towards our sinning brother we are not *just*, when we surrender him as a hopeless thing, to be gnawed by horrible remorse, and to be ground to powder in the dungeon of despair. We do a mighty wrong, we act a murderous lie towards our sinning brother, when we refuse to believe him capable of becoming good and happy, and will not hope for him and help him. There is small difference between him who throws his neighbor into the sea and him who refuses to cast him a rope.

It is strange that unmercifulness should be a characteristic sin of man. Among devils who received no mercy when they fell, it were less out of place. But man is the child and protégé of mercy. He lives and enjoys his probation amid arrested thunderbolts, and storms of wrath rolled back, and caverns of despair closed, and the hushed curses of the law. The rain, and dew, and sunshine of heaven are descending upon his fields. The birds are piping their sweet notes as they might have done in Eden, and all nature, not veiled in sackcloth but clad in multifarious glory, waits upon him like a sister. Above all, man lives in the light of glorious and glad revelations, of evangelic and joyful tidings, of living streams of salvation, and of ministering angels, and of voices from the sky, owning him as a younger brother that wandered, but in the far off land of his prodigality found mercy, through the cross and through blood that flowed freely as rain drops from the bosom of Jesus—in the midst of these he stands a monument of mercy, himself unmerciful!! Yes, and too often with one hand on the New Testament and the other on his brother's throat, no argument nor art avails to persuade him that in that brother's bosom may beat a heart of higher aspirations,

of better purposes, of purer affinities than his own.

Let us learn to have hope for each other; and, as far as possible, faith in each other. When any turns aside let us pity him and believe that all is not lost; and believing there is a key to his heart, let us search for it, not discouraged by outward appearances, nor paralyzed by inward

doubts. Having found his heart, let us take him into our bosom and bear him back to the path of virtue and the presence of God, and kneel with him there, and while we weep together over the badness of our way, rejoice together that the lost is found and the dead made alive.

THE GRASSHOPPER WAR.

THE aboriginal history of this country, now in a great measure lost for ever, would no doubt have formed volumes of great interest, could it have come down to our times like the authentic chronicles of other nations. The men who figured here before the European invasion, were not tame and effeminate imitators, or slumberous day-dreamers. They were men of nerve and enterprise, and free, bold thought, and made their impression upon their own times and contemporaries. We have often thought that by far the richest portion of history has never been written, even in those times and nations that have preserved the amplest records. How little of all the eloquence which at different times and places has moved and agitated the profoundest depths of the soul, has been bound up in language and thus saved from oblivion! What soul-stirring peals of lofty eloquence bursting from the hearts of those untutored red men who possessed the land before our presence disturbed them, and who in their solemn convictions carried on the debates and consultations relative to the means of advancing the common weal! There stood the lofty and wrapt prophet, awaiting or declaring the will of the Great Spirit; and there the wild and bedizened war chief, like a battle-horse champing his bit and pawing the ground, longed for the signal to dash forward in the war path. How many such scenes passed with no historian or bard to make record of them and hand it to the future! Tribe after tribe, and confederacies of tribes, probably thus melted from existence and from memory; no monument, no book, no minstrel, no traditionary legend ever plucked from the flood of time as it rolled on and away, the heroic greatness, the daring enterprise, the burning eloquence, that struggled and perished there. Amid all those rude and savage elements that formed the clans and councils of the primitive country, the same passions and principles ex-

isted that everywhere sway mankind with varying force as civilization retrogrades or advances. Everywhere and always, man is radically the same; society is the same, except in its circumstances, which summed up, we call it civilization—of which civilization the red man had none. But he had boldness, originality, enterprise, possessed by no other savage race; and the history of him, as we have said, would have worn a freshness not common.

We were visited some years ago while sojourning in the valley of Wyoming, that field of surpassing natural loveliness and beauty, and of thrilling historical associations, with an almost oppressive rush of reflection upon the red man's history and fate, even in this lovely spot—a spot which the genius of peace might have chosen from among all others as its perpetual dwelling. Yet even here some of the wildest, stormiest scenes in history have occurred, of which tradition still preserves some broken recollections, and which, as recited by the ancient inhabitants, serve to fill out the long winter evenings, and awaken the interest of their fireside audiences.

One of the yet extant traditions of Wyoming relates to what is probably known as the Grasshopper War, a story not without its moral, and not undeserving the study of modern and civilized statesmen, who are often willing to "let slip the dogs of war," on grounds as trivial, and with issues almost as disastrous, as those given in this tradition.

On each side of the Susquehanna river, which glides gracefully through the valley, directly opposite to each other, dwelt two independent and friendly tribes of Indians. For a long series of years their intercourse was of the most familiar and friendly character. Frequently the females of the one tribe would cross the river and spend the day with those of the other,

while the men ranged the neighboring mountains in quest of game. The interchange of friendly visitations and kind offices continued thus among those primitive children of the forest, unchecked for a long time. No oath of amity, no covenant of brotherhood, could have produced more promising results. But suddenly a cloud no bigger at first than a man's hand, expanded over their sky and darkened it for ever.

It happened that at one of these friendly visits between the women, two of the children, one of each tribe, fell into a dispute about the ownership of a grasshopper. The little disputants grew warmer and warmer, and from words soon proceeded to blows. The other children began to take part in the quarrel, each one ranging himself on the side of his own tribe, and it was not long before a general *melée* of the fiercest character ensued among the juveniles. The attention of the mothers was of course soon attracted to such a spectacle, and, sad to tell, instead of attempting to arrest the quarrel, they espoused it, tribe against tribe, and a wrathful time they must have had of it—no pulling of caps, perhaps, because they had none, but scratches and bruises in abundance, we make no doubt. The war of the women was just at its height when the men, who had spent the day like brothers, returned and beheld their wives and sisters in desperate and deadly conflict. It was not a time for explanation but for battle. All the devil in them let itself loose, and war to the knife was the word and the action. A war of extermination was mutually determined upon, and in a few days not a single individual of

either tribe remained to tell the fearful tale of blood and destruction.

The spot is still pointed out where this tragedy was enacted, and occasionally a human bone or an Indian weapon is cast up by the spade or plow of the husbandman, but the red man is gone for ever!

Thus runs the tradition of the Grasshopper War, and there is nothing to impeach its authenticity. We remarked that the story contained a moral worthy of the attention of those statesmen who on the slightest pretexts are ready to plunge their country into war. But might it not also be studied in our families? There are a great many grasshopper wars among white people. Nearly all our family quarrels are grasshopper affairs, beginning in the veriest trifles and ending in destruction. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! We have no doubt at all that in a vast majority of instances the bitterest family feuds have sprung from causes so contemptibly little, that the parties would blush and hide their faces from society were those causes known.

Our story illustrates another sad but important truth, viz.: that no enmity is so acrid and unrelenting as that which is generated among former friends. This has often been remarked in relation to civil wars, but the case is still stronger and more affecting when families are concerned, and misunderstandings and alienations spring up in the domestic enclosure, and corrode and poison the affections, and sunder the hearts that should have flowed together for ever. Let us then take care of the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes

THE PINK AZALEA, OR AMERICAN WOODBINE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

CLASS, Pentandria—order, Monogynia. Natural order of Linnæus, Bicornes; of Jussieu, Rhodoraceæ.

Generic Character. Calyx, very small, five-parted; corol, tubular, cleft about half way down, oblique; stamens, arising from the receptacle, exsert, declined, equal in number to the divisions of the corol; anthers, two-celled, dehiscent by pores; stigma, obtuse, declined; capsule, five-celled, with five valves.

Specific Character. Flowers, many, viscous,

tubes longer than their divisions—nearly naked, the teeth of the calyx being very short; stamens, extending far beyond the corol; leaves, small, smooth, or slightly pubescent; color, uniform; nerves, downy above, bristly beneath; margin, ciliate; blossoms in May; flowers, pink-colored.

Eaton describes ten species of the Azalea, and nine varieties. Mr. Prince, a celebrated florist of Flushing, L. I., cultivates sixteen species and four varieties. This genus was for-

merly much larger than at present, as all its species but the *procumbens*, were annexed by John Don, a distinguished botanist of Scotland, to the *Rhododendron*, which it resembles, especially in its medicinal virtues.

The word azalea or azalæa, is derived from *αζαλεος*, dry, from its growing in dry situations, or because its wood is very dry and fragile.

The Azalea comprises a superb family of plants; its flowers being generally large and exhibiting almost every variety of color, are exceedingly attractive. The species *procumbens*, is vine-like, spreading over the ground and rising only three or four inches, while all the others are shrubs, growing from two to fifteen feet high, and when in full bloom and viewed from a short distance, the beauty of the richer colored ones is truly charming. Two of the species (*A. viscosa* and *A. glauca*), are very sweet-scented.

The beautiful colored engraving that embellishes our present number, represents the Azalea nudiflora. In common language it is called by different names, as pink azalea, American woodbine, early honeysuckle, and pinxter blommachee. Other species are called swamp pink, white honeysuckle, fragrant honeysuckle, &c., in reference to some circumstance relative to the flower or situation of the shrub. This class of shrubs is rather difficult of cultivation, owing, probably, to the peculiarity of the soil it chooses for nourishment, but when the florist is successful, he is richly rewarded for all his efforts. The soil proper for most of the species, is decayed wood and leaves, mixed with a small proportion of sand. Although some of them grow in the midst of swamps, even there it will almost invariably be found that they spring up from a dry knoll, or perhaps from a decayed stump of a tree.

Geography. It is met with in some parts of Asia, common in North and South America and also in Europe.

Medicinal properties. The general qualities of this natural order of plants are astringent and diuretic; some individuals of the order are well known to be venomous. "The honey which poisoned some of the soldiers in the retreat of the ten thousand through Pontus, was gathered by bees from the flowers of Azalea pontica."*

* Lindley. Introduction to the natural system of Botany, p. 80.

The soldiers finding an abundance of bee-hives in that place, and eating the honey, were seized with violent vomiting and fluxes, attended with raving fits, so that those that were least ill, appeared like drunken men, and the rest seemed either furiously mad or dying. The earth was strewed with their bodies as after a defeat. None of them died, however, and the distemper ceased the next day about the same hour it had taken them. The third or fourth day the soldiers got up in the condition of people, after having taken violent medicines.*

Sentiment. The splendor of its flowers has been thought sufficient cause to render the Azalea a suitable emblem of Romance.

"The pipe and song, with many a mingled shout,
Ring through the forest, as the satyr-rout
Dance round the dragon-chariot of Romance."

It may not be amiss here, to state that a species of flies deposit their eggs in the tender leaf of this shrub when it first puts forth in the spring. Soon after the egg is inserted, a small tubercle may be observed on the leaf, which increases rapidly in size till the animal is hatched, and has passed through its various transformations. These excrescences, known among school-boys by the name of May-apple, are generally thought by them, and by some, too, of "riper growth," to be the fruit the bush produces, and are eaten as a choice delicacy. But let such individuals be assured, that whenever they feast upon these rarities, they are by no means living on the *Graham plan*, for with the vegetable, they certainly partake of animal food, in the form of eggs deposited by the flies, or of worms hatched from the eggs, or of their transformations into nymphs or chryseales, or of these metamorphosed into winged insects. Oak galls, which make an ingredient in the composition of black ink, are produced in the same manner. If one of them which has no aperture were gently cut into, we should be sure to find an egg, a worm, a chrysalis or fly; but in such as are perforated, nothing of the kind can be found; these have been gnawed through by the insects, which have crept forth and taken their flight into the air.†

* Xenophon's Anabasis.

† Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History.

PRESIDENT DAVIES.

THE name of President Davies stands forth among the brightest stars of the pulpit that appeared during the last century—perhaps it is not too much to say, that have appeared in any century or in any country. Within the last twenty or thirty years, there were many persons living who had a distinct remembrance of what he was both in the pulpit and out of it; but it may be doubted whether an individual now survives who remembers ever to have seen his face or heard his voice. We once had the privilege of conversing with one person, the late Rev. Dr. J. H. Livingston, who had a distinct recollection of his appearance and manner, and who did not hesitate to pronounce him the prince of American preachers. Some of the statements in the following sketch were derived from him; while the principal facts are gathered from various notices of his life and character, that have appeared in different publications.

Samuel Davies was born in the county of Newcastle, Delaware, November 3, 1724. His family are supposed to have been of Welsh extraction. His father is represented as having been a man of great simplicity and excellence of character, but of very moderate powers and attainments, while his mother was distinguished alike for exalted piety and uncommon vigor of intellect. It is related on the authority of one of President Davies' own letters to his friend Dr. Gibbon, of London, that his mother considered him as specially given to her in answer to prayer, and that she, previous even to his birth, had devoted him to the Lord for the holy ministry. This circumstance, when he became acquainted with it, seems to have deeply affected his mind, and not improbably it had an important influence in securing the result in respect to him, which his mother had so earnestly desired.

In his very early childhood, his mother was his only teacher, and under her tuition he is said to have made remarkable proficiency in the elementary branches. At the age of ten he was sent away to an English school, at some distance from his father's residence, where he continued two years; and though his progress in knowledge was uncommonly rapid, he does not appear during this period to have had any deep impressions of the importance of religion. He was a youth of amiable dispositions, and engaging manners, and was loved by everybody; but does not appear to have been an object of the Saviour's love in any other sense than was

the young man in the Gospel, who went away sorrowful, because he had great possessions. Still, however, he seems, even at this time, to have made conscience of attending on the duty of secret prayer; and it was specially remarkable, that the blessing which he supplicated with the greatest earnestness was that he might attain to the honor of being a minister of Christ.

At the age of about twelve he seems to have had his first permanent impressions of Divine truth. Then he became deeply convinced of his sinfulness, and for a considerable time could find no rest to his anxious and burdened spirit. At length, however, light dawned upon his understanding—joy penetrated his heart. The glorious plan of redemption rose to his mind in all its grandeur and fullness. He saw that God could be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly; and the discovery melted him down at the foot of the cross. For some time after this, however, his religious experience was at best only an alternation of hopes and fears; and sometimes his doubts prevailed to such an extent that he was overwhelmed with the deepest darkness. Gradually he was relieved from these painful apprehensions, and at no distant period his mind gained not only a tranquillity but stability of religious feeling, that ever afterwards distinguished his Christian character. He is supposed to have made a public profession of religion when he was about fifteen years of age.

From this period his purpose was fixed to devote himself to the work of the ministry; and he immediately commenced his preparation for it. Having acquired some knowledge of the Latin language, either with or without a teacher, he joined the celebrated school of the Rev. Samuel Blair, at Fog's manor, Chester county, Penn., which was specially designed to educate young men for the ministry, and was established on much the same principle with the Dissenting theological academies in Great Britain. There the classical and the theological course were in a great measure blended, so that when the regular curriculum of study prescribed by the institution was completed, little, if anything, remained, to complete the preparation for licensure to preach the Gospel. Mr. Davies, probably on account of his poverty, remained here but about five years—somewhat less than the prescribed term; but his application to study was so intense, and his proficiency in every branch so remarkable, that when he offered himself for licensure, the presbytery were not less sur-

prised than delighted by his rare attainments. The precise time of his licensure is not now known—at least we have not been able to ascertain it—but he was ordained Feb. 19, 1747, when he was in his twenty-third year.

The state of religion in Virginia was at this time exceedingly low, being subjected to the withering influence of an ecclesiastical establishment; inasmuch that the faithful preaching of the Gospel was comparatively unknown. There had, however, a little before this, been an unusual attention to religion awakened in the county of Hanover, by means of the labors of an excellent and zealous layman; and the presbytery of New Castle, by which Mr. Davies was licensed, aware of the deplorable ignorance of evangelical truth that prevailed in that part of the country, determined to send them a minister who might preach to them the pure Gospel. Mr. Davies was selected for this important mission; and it was said that he was the more ready to concur in the proposal of the Presbytery, from the fact that, during his preparatory course, he had received pecuniary aid from the very people among whom he was designated to labor. They had not, indeed, ever heard of him; but having enjoyed for a season the labors of another excellent clergyman, they offered him a suitable compensation; and though he declined receiving it for himself, he told them that he knew of a poor but most promising young man who was studying for the ministry, and with their consent he would appropriate it to his benefit. They gave their consent; and the money was accordingly given to Mr. Davies—the very man who was destined subsequently to become their pastor, and to shed a glorious light over the whole surrounding country.

In April, 1747, he went to Hanover, and soon obtained a license from the general court (for, under the ecclesiastical *regime* to which Virginia was then subject, that was necessary), to officiate in four different places of worship. His preaching was listened to with great admiration, and was hopefully blessed to the conversion of a considerable number of persons; but after having remained there a few weeks, he determined, for some reason which we are not able to learn, to return to his native State. During the next six or eight months, he was occupied in preaching in various congregations in Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, and wherever he preached, he was regarded as a prodigy of genius and eloquence. But at this period, the symptoms of deep-seated pulmonary disease began to develope themselves in his

constitution, and there was every prospect that his brilliant career would speedily come to a close. Nevertheless, his zeal in the service of his Master suffered no abatement, and he actually took charge for the time, of a vacant congregation, in which he labored unremittingly with a violent hectic fever upon him, and with his strength so much reduced that it was sometimes with great difficulty that he could ascend the pulpit. Here he was permitted to see some precious fruits of his ministry; and among the cases of hopeful conversion were some two or three which he regarded as signal displays of Divine mercy.

The impression which his labors had produced in Virginia during the preceding year, was too strong to permit those who had enjoyed them to remain contented without making an effort to secure his permanent ministrations; and accordingly, in the spring of 1748, the people of Hanover, with two other congregations in the same neighborhood, gave him a call to become their pastor. This call he accepted, and almost immediately set out for his future field of labor. His health by this time was considerably improved, and he was encouraged to hope that he might live long enough to see a church organized upon evangelical principles; though he had evidently little expectation that either his labors or his life would be protracted beyond a very brief period.

We have already adverted to the fact that Virginia was at this time the seat of an ecclesiastical establishment; the only religion which the law recognized was episcopacy; and it was earnestly contended that the act of toleration which had been passed by the British Parliament for the relief of Protestant Dissenters, was not designed to take effect on this side the water. Mr. Davies opposed this absurd notion and this arbitrary economy with great vigor and eloquence; and not only conducted a controversy on the subject with the celebrated Peyton Randolph, who was afterwards President of Congress, but on one occasion addressed the General Court in reference to it, in so just and earnest a manner, that even his adversaries awarded to his eloquence the highest tribute of admiration. When he subsequently went to England, he laid the matter before the British government, and obtained from the attorney general a written declaration that the provisions of the "act of toleration" did extend to Virginia. Previous, however, to this controversy, Mr. Davies having taken care to qualify himself according to the "act of toleration," had with

some difficulty, as we have already had occasion to notice, obtained the requisite license for preaching at four meeting-houses in and about Hanover.

Notwithstanding the violent opposition which he had to encounter from the prejudice, bigotry, and almost entire ignorance of evangelical truth that prevailed throughout the whole region in which he was settled, yet his noble and generous spirit, combined with the rarest intellectual powers and the most fascinating oratory—all controlled and directed by a consistent and fervent piety, caused the opposition gradually to yield, and at no distant period—dissenting though he was—not only were his ministrations crowned with a rich spiritual blessing, but he became intellectually the pride and admiration of the surrounding country.

In 1753, Mr. Davies, in company with the Rev. Gilbert Tennant, of Philadelphia, were commissioned by the Synod of New York to go to England, to solicit contributions for the college of New Jersey—an institution which the Synod had always regarded with peculiar interest and affection. This mission he undertook with great cheerfulness, and left home on the 3d September, with a view to make his preparatory arrangements. Having attended the commencement at Newark, and been honored by the degree of master of arts, and subsequently visited Mr. Brainard, the Indian missionary, whose field of labor was in that region, he went to Philadelphia to attend the meeting of the Synod, where he succeeded in having a satisfactory arrangement made for the supply of his pulpit during his absence. On the 18th of November he embarked with his friend Mr. Tennant in a vessel for London, and after suffering greatly from sea sickness during his passage, he reached his destined port on the 25th of the succeeding month.

On his arrival in England, he was received with great cordiality, and the object of his visit was duly appreciated, and his appeal in its behalf most liberally responded to. His intercourse was, as might be expected, chiefly among the dissenters; but the most distinguished of their ministers, whether Presbyterian, Independent or Baptist, were quickly found among his friends and admirers. He preached in many of their churches and was everywhere followed by crowded and delighted auditories. There are traditions in London of the wonderful effects produced by his eloquence, to this day; and he was even urged to accept a permanent settlement there under most eligible

circumstances; but he could not be prevailed on to entertain the idea for a moment. After spending considerable time in England, he visited Scotland, where he was also received with marked attention, and was favored with a good measure of success in respect to the object of his mission. The exact period of his return to this country is unknown; but it was probably towards the close of the year 1754; as we find that early in the succeeding year he was actively engaged at Hanover in the duties of the ministerial office.

At this period the political horizon became obscured, and the country was thrown into the greatest agitation by a French and Indian war. Braddock's celebrated defeat, which occurred on the 10th July, 1755, drew forth from Mr. Davies a highly patriotic and eloquent discourse, in which he exhorted his hearers with most impassioned earnestness to submit to any sacrifice, rather than yield up the blessings which they enjoyed. And at a later period in the same year, he delivered his celebrated sermon to a company of independent volunteers in Hanover, which was afterwards published with a prophetic note in respect to the character of Washington. Having expressed the hope that "God had been pleased to diffuse some sparks of martial fire through the country," he adds—"as a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Col. Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so great a manner for some important service to his country." On some other occasions he manifested his patriotism in a similar way, and the effect of these addresses is said to have been well nigh electric. Patrick Henry, who during his early life resided in the neighborhood in which Mr. Davies preached, and very frequently listened to him, is said to have spoken of his eloquence in terms of unmeasured admiration, and it is not improbable that the great statesman was himself the more eloquent for having enjoyed these extraordinary early advantages.

Shortly after Mr. Davies' return from England, the Synod of New York passed an act erecting the Presbytery of Hanover, within whose limits were comprehended the whole of Virginia, and a considerable portion of North Carolina. As there were dissenters scattered throughout this whole territory, there was a constant demand at various points for ministerial labor, and Mr. Davies, being the presiding spirit of the new organization, felt himself called upon, in compliance with the direction

by Presbytery, to give much of his time to a sort of missionary service; inasmuch that his own stated charge remonstrated with the Synod against his frequent and protracted absences. What the issue of this remonstrance was we are not informed; though it does not appear that Mr. Davies himself was regarded by any party as in fault. His influence in the colony at this time was equally benign and extensive; and those who had no sympathy with his Presbyterianism or his piety, were still glad to listen to his enrapturing, matchless eloquence.

In 1759, the Presidentship of Princeton College having been vacated by the death of Jonathan Edwards, almost immediately after he had entered on its duties, Mr. Davies was called to that office; but so strong was his attachment to his people, and so wide his sphere of usefulness in the region in which he resided, that he was by no means prepared at once to accede to the proposal; and it was not till the call was a second time presented to him, under the explicit sanction of the synod to which he belonged, that he determined to accept it. This determination cost him a most severe struggle, not only on account of the strength of his attachments in Virginia, and the remarkable blessing by which his labors there seemed to be attended, but also on account of an imagined deficiency of intellectual attainment, growing out of his limited opportunities for literary and scientific pursuits. His congregation, it is hardly necessary to say, felt it a very severe deprivation, and would never have consented to his removal, but that he, after a mature consideration of all the circumstances of the case, was brought to believe that it was the course which Providence marked out.

President Davies brought with him to Princeton the highest reputation for talents and eloquence—a reputation which all his subsequent efforts in the pulpit fully sustained. Besides these high intellectual qualifications, he possessed uncommonly bland and attractive manners, which secured to him a great advantage in the management of young men; and, accordingly, the President quickly became the idol of the college. He introduced various improvements, and among others, the practice, continued we believe to this day, of delivering monthly orations by members of the senior class. He paid great attention to the cultivation of rhetoric and oratory in the college, not only because these were the branches in which he himself eminently excelled, but from his deep conviction

of the important places which they hold in a liberal education.

During his residence in Virginia, he had generally enjoyed very comfortable health, which was attributable, no doubt, in a great degree, to the almost constant bodily exercise which had been incident to his professional labors. But on entering his new sphere of life, for which he considered himself very inadequately qualified, he devoted himself to study with an intensity of application which no constitution could very long endure. About the close of January, 1761, he was seized with a violent cold for which he was bled, and the next day preached twice in the college chapel. On the Monday following, a violent fever came on, which very quickly deprived him of his reason, and in spite of all that medical aid could do, within ten days deprived him of his life. It was deeply to be regretted, as we in our short-sightedness should say, that his reason could not have been spared to him to the last, that he might have left his dying testimony to the all-sustaining power of that gospel which he had preached; but it was the ordinance of Heaven that his generation and posterity should be instructed from his life, rather than his death, and that that noble mind whose vigorous and splendid actings had entranced such multitudes, should pass from the wild dreams of delirium into the glories of an eternal day.

The death of President Davies produced a deep sensation, not only throughout this country, but in Great Britain also. Dr. Finley, his successor in the Presidential chair, preached his funeral sermon, which was published. Two sermons also on the same occasion, were preached and published by his friend and correspondent, the Rev. Dr. Gibbons, of London, who afterwards superintended the publishing of his works. These several discourses, as well as various other tributes to his memory which are still extant, convey the highest idea of his character, and especially of his talents as a pulpit orator. His printed sermons form an imperishable monument of his greatness. It must be admitted that his style is less concise than the most rigid rhetorical exactness might require, but for vigor and comprehension of thought, aptness and beauty of illustration, and strength and fervor of appeal, we believe the English language may be challenged for anything of superior excellence. We have remarked that even when some of our friends on the other side of the water, have quoted American preachers with a sort of compassionate

sneer, their sense of justice has constrained them to make an exception in favor of Davies; and if anything is to be inferred from the circulation of his works in Great Britain, we must suppose that they regard him as one of the greatest lights that any country has produced. It may reasonably be doubted whether any clergyman can be named, who died eighty-four years ago, at so early an age as thirty-six, who has at this moment so fresh, and splendid, and universal a reputation as President Davies.

We subjoin the following original letter of this great and excellent man, as the most interesting of his letters of which we have any knowledge. The friend from whom we received it, informed us that he permitted a copy of it to be taken some twenty-five years ago by a gentleman in Virginia; and whether he ever made any public use of it or not, we are not informed. Even if he did, it is presumed that it was so long ago, and was within so limited a circle, that it will be new to all our readers. The letter is a perfectly beautiful specimen of penmanship.

"HANOVER, Feb. 23, 1757.

"*My ever dear and Rev. Br.*

"Since my return from my late voyage, I rec'd a letter from you; and had the sight of one to my worthy friend Mr. Finley, which I received as directed to myself, and you should have had larger and more frequent returns from me, had not my incessant Hurries, and y^e want of opportunities of conveyance laid me under a disagreeable Restraint.

Tho' my Friendship for you is not upon the decline, but will, I hope, blaze out into Immortality; yet, I must own, it is not Friendship that now prompts me to write; it is something still more divine and apostolical; as you will perceive by mine to Mr. Hawley, which I leave open for your Perusal, and by the few additional Hints I shall give you in this.

"Upon some accounts I received of the willingness of the Catawba nation of Indians to receive a Missionary and a Schoolmaster, I wrote to Mr. Manduit, Treasurer of the Society in London, that support the Stockbridge Mission &c, with whom I contracted a particular acquaintance while in England; soliciting the Charity of the Society for that Purpose. The answer I received was favorable; and I was ordered to transmit all the Intelligence I could get concerning the Affair. Upon Enquiry, I found the Cherokees were a nation of much more Importance, both in a political and religious View; and that there was some Encouragement that they would embrace the same proposal with the Catawbas. I therefore wrote to the Society that if their

Fund would not enable them to support a Mission and a School among both Nations, they would drop the Catawbas, and make the Cherokees the Object of their Charity; because they are much more numerous (about 6 or 7000) and consequently their Alliance is of more Importance to us; and if Christianity were introduced among them, it would have a more extensive sphere of Circulation; and because their Situation exposes them much more to the Intrigues of the French, and consequently there is much more Danger of their deserting our Interest than the Catawbas, who are almost surrounded with English Inhabitants. I suppose one Missionary and one Master might be tolerably sufficient for y^e Catawbas; as they are but 800 or 1000 souls; and the Persons employed in this apostolic Work, would not be cut off from y^e society of their Countrymen. But considering the number of y^e Cherokees, their great Distance from our Settlements, and the Difficulty, if not Impossibility, of a solitary Missionary keeping up his Spirits, and performing his Work with Cheerfulness in the Society of Savages, I proposed, that, if possible two Missionaries and two Masters, might be sent to this Nation.

"To this Proposal, I rec'd an Answer a few Days ago, that the English Society had agreed to support one of each, upon Condition that the Society in Scotland would do the same; and that the Society in London, corresponding with that in Scotland, had unanimously agreed to the Proposal, as far as it depended upon their Concurrence, and had written to their constituents in Edinburg in its Favour. But as their Answer was not returned, my Informer could not give me a final Account; but it seems highly probable the Scheme would be carried into Execution.

"I think Virginia, in some little Time, will furnish us with one Missionary and Schoolmaster, qualified for y^e Business. But I have no Prospect of any more. And as the Matter requires Expedition, and I would have every Thing ready against I receive my final Answer, which I now begin to expect every Week, I write to you, My Dear Sir, for all the Intelligence you can give me, and all the Assistance you can afford in procuring a Missionary and a Schoolmaster. I have heard Mr. Hawley's good character from Sundry, I think from yourself; and that he has resigned his former Mission. I therefore apply to him thro' your hands; and all that I now desire is, to be informed, whether, upon proper Encouragement, he would be willing to Engage in this apostolic Work, among those Southwestern Indians?—I hope for a speedy answer, by Post, or some other Conveyance, that I may know, whether to look out for another or not. Mr. Holt, who is in Partnership with Mr. Parker at the Printing Office in New-Haven, is my Broth-

er in Law; and I doubt not but he will be a faithful Medium of Correspondence betwixt us.

"As to the State of Religion in Virginia, I can only say,—that my Brethren have of late been much more successful than myself; particularly honest Mr. Henry, and our common Friend, Mr. Wright—and that what little success I have lately had, has been chiefly among the Extremes of Gentlemen and Negroes. Indeed, God has been remarkably working among the latter. I have baptized about 150 adults; and at the last sacramental Solemnity, I had the Pleasure of seeing the Table of the Lord *graced* with about 60 black faces. They generally behave well, as far as I can hear; tho' there are some Instances of Apostacy among them.

"These are gloomy and threatening Times; and my Heart cannot but forebode some terrible Events impending. Virginia in general, sins on still, impenitent and unreformed; tho'

bleeding in a thousand Veins. The few Patriot Souls among us cannot but tremble for the Events of the ensuing Summer. However, tho' we know not Futurities, yet this we know, that it shall be well with them that fear God, come what will, and in their Number I hope you and I shall be sheltered.

"Blessed be God, I am happy in my Dear Family, and as yet, enjoy Peace and Liberty in the midst of a ravaged bleeding country. May we be prepared for our turn in Affliction. I have a thousand Things, I would gladly communicate, but I can only add a house full of affectionate Compliments to your whole self, in all its Branches; and the strongest Assurance, that I am, Dear Sir, your most sincere friend and humble Servant,

"SAML. DAVIES.

"Mr. Bellamy."

CHEER YE UP, OH STRICKEN HEARTED.

BY ADELIA MORTON.

CHEER ye up, oh stricken hearted!
Though ye shed the silent tear;
Hope and trust should not be parted,
By the hand of doubt or fear.

Sighing mourner! does thy spirit
Bow to sorrow, sink with care?
Know that trusting souls inherit
Joy and bliss surpassing fair.

Is thy heart in trouble beating
Strong emotion? trust on still—
Hope and Faith will soon come meeting
At thy spirit's crystal rill.

There the pearls of Promise dropping,
Soon shall dazzle Hope's bright eye,
And thy Faith in sweetness stopping,
Bring thee jewels from the sky.

Is thy spirit now unstringing
Every chord of heavenly birth?

Let new Trust her gladness bringing,
Lift thee far away from earth.

Catch thee now, thou hast a token,
Strains seraphic from on high,
Let not now thy harp be broken,
While sweet Mercy hovers nigh.

Time hath weeping, hath its burden,
Time hath sighing, Time hath care,
But beyond there is a guerdon,
Ye may gain it—it is there!

Then cheer up, oh stricken hearted!
Spirit-calm will come to thee!
The mellow tints ye mourn departed,
Robe the sky beyond our sea!

Then be Hoping, Trusting, Praying!
Be ye steady, firm, and true!
And no more shalt thou go straying,
With the better land in view.

A BRIGHT LEAFLET FROM HISTORY.

AMONG the names which adorn the page of English story, there is one which, from the rare combination of virtues and graces, of romance and reality in the person and character of its possessor, seems to youthful minds invested with a species of fascination. Indeed, if there be any such emotion as affection for the dead of other days, it is *that* which we experience when we reflect upon the character of the illustrious Sir Philip Sidney. And, since the detail of virtuous and lofty deeds may generate in some bosom a kindred spirit of honorable ambition—while even the sage cannot be familiar with so pure a mind, so brilliant an imagination, without partaking of its nobility—we have been induced to sketch a few glimpses of the brief but eventful career of this true nobleman.

Although the name of Sidney carries with it associations closely interwoven with all our notions of honor, courage, and invincible attachment to liberty; and although it is a race which has abounded with men and women whose characters were studded with the jewels of chivalry and genius, of virtue and grace, yet with one accord is the loftiest place assigned to Sir Philip. In fact, so varied were his virtues, so numerous his accomplishments, so brilliant his attainments, that one can scarcely enumerate the most prominent of them, without being liable to the charge of enthusiasm, or its twin sister, exaggeration. The truth may however be reconciled to our understandings in the fact, that while he lived there were none to dispute his consummate abilities, but all men gladly accorded to him the meed of superiority. The most distinguished men of his day (and it was an age wonderfully prolific of talent), did homage to his genius: poets were amazed at the fertility, and in ecstasies at the beauty of his Muse: statesmen eagerly sought the advice, and gladly availed themselves of the services of the youthful sage: scholars vied in emulation of his varied learning, and heroes pointed their sons to his knightly courtesy and chivalrous exploits for their distant imitation: there was no wit so daring as to asperse the dignity of his fame, no critic so captious as to undervalue his lofty talents. His real genius, the gentleness of his manners, and the perfect beauty of his disposition, seem to have disarmed all animosity; and hence in his case appears the singular anomaly that *no man envied him*.

Sir Philip Sidney is another of that august

cluster, who trace, with grateful emotions, the development of their virtues and genius to the quiet but irresistible influence of maternal love. His mother, Mary Dudley, was a sister of the accomplished but ill-fated Lord Guilford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey. The melancholy death of her brother caused Lady Sidney to retire from the world and devote herself entirely to the education of her children. It was her careful teaching which, in early youth, directed to proper objects the young Sidney's eager thirst for knowledge: It was her anxious love which infused such principles as, in after times, preserved the son of her bosom from the corruption which is usually engendered of wealth and youth by flattery and luxury. She it was, who implanted the germ of those virtues, which, rapidly expanding under her kindly culture, embellished and beautified his whole career: she nurtured in his mind a love for the beautiful, and awakened those harmonious symphonies, which shall never die away, so long as men's hearts beat with human feeling. Take courage then, mothers of our land! Remember that the "fate of a child is always the work of its mother;" faithfully plant the seeds of virtue and knowledge—diligently tend the young nurslings, and God will amply reward you, in an offspring which shall be the pride and glory of your country.

At a very early period, Sir Philip manifested an eager thirst for the acquisition of knowledge; and when at the age of seventeen he left the university to begin his travels, such had been his diligent and painful application to study (for even the brightest genius can arrive at excellence, only by the most diligent and laborious study), that his tutors pronounced his proficiency in all species of learning to be incredible. Meanwhile the fame of his accomplishment in arts and arms had preceded him to court, whither he went by invitation of Elizabeth's magnificent favorite, the Earl of Leicester; and where, in the words of good Sir Robert Naunton, "he soon attracted the good opinion of all men, and was so highly prized in the esteem of the Queen, that she thought the court deficient without him." Four years after this—at an age when men have not usually laid aside their boyish mantles—he was selected by Elizabeth and her worthy councillor Burleigh, to enact a most difficult part as ambassador at the court of Rodolph, Emperor of

Germany. This duty he performed to the entire satisfaction of his sagacious judges; and it was in reference to the consummate political abilities he displayed on this occasion, that William of Nassau said of him, "that his acquaintance with the affairs of Europe was so exact and profound, that he was deserving of a throne." As if to satisfy us that this high encomium was not undue, all historians agree in declaring, "that the Earl of Leicester held to England the government of the Low Countries by his councils and energy when alive, and lost it by his death." At the age of twenty-five, he returned to the court of his sovereign, when he steadfastly opposed her projected marriage with the Duke of Anjou, and became involved in a quarrel with the haughty Earl of Oxford. Sir Philip, however, did not hold that an indulgence in private brawls was consonant with his character either as a chivalrous knight, or high-minded gentleman. He therefore determined to escape from the turmoil and restraint of the court, and retired, sick and disgusted by the rude and insolent conduct of Oxford, to the since classic haunts of Wilton, where he sought rest and refreshment in the companionship of his all-accomplished sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

The tender love which he bore for this sister, has been the fruitful theme of poets and historians, and is, in reality, one of the most pleasing features of his symmetrical life. Next to maternal affection—that holiest of emotions after love of God—there is no more beautiful phase of humanity than the reciprocal love of a brother and sister. There is about this quality an ethereal purity which partakes of a heavenly nature, and it is surely one of those vestiges of Paradise which Infinite mercy still permits to gladden the earth. No illustration of this can be imagined more perfect than is furnished by Sidney's retreat to sympathy and his sister. Her hopeful woman's heart refreshed him from his toils, and cheered him on when drooping in the strife. She animated his fancy and retuned his lyre. Her loving converse, as they threaded the delightful walks of Wilton, awakened and inspired his genius; and it was then that, with new buoyancy, and freshly plumed for a heaven-daring flight, he produced that imperishable monument of fraternal love, his charming romance, *Pembroke's Arcadia*. Hers was the confidential task, to con the noble song as it issued forth sheet by sheet from the bounties of his Fancy. Hers to hail new beauty with fonder joy, and to diffuse by her sweet presence

that charm of purity and gentleness which impregnates this effusion.

This pleasant dream was destined soon to be broken, for Queen Elizabeth could ill brook the absence from her court of this "mirror of chivalry," and recalled him with the ostensible design of conferring upon him the honor of knighthood. Here he remained for three years, when she made him governor of the fertile province of Flushing. While acting in this capacity, he surprised and captured the fort of Axil, and behaved with such extraordinary energy and wisdom, that the throne of Poland, which was then vacant, was offered to him. It was upon this occasion, that Queen Elizabeth made use of the memorable saying in reference to him, "that she could not lose the jewel of his time, that a crown could confer no additional nobility upon him." Of all the thousand compliments which were paid him by his contemporaries, in life, or that were showered upon his hearse by poets, philosophers, and kings, when dead, none are so intrinsically beautiful as was contained in his father's letter to a younger brother. "Follow," said the noble old man, "follow the advice of your most loving brother, who in loving you is comparable with me, or exceedeth me. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions. He is a rare ornament of his age; the very formula that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and their life by. In truth, I speak it without flattery of him or myself, *he hath the most virtues that I ever found in any man.*"

But the brightest things must fade—the most glorious sun must set. At the age of thirty-two, when his fame had not yet reached its zenith; mourned by his native country and by Europe, he met the death of a hero on the field of Zutphen. The last scene of the drama was in harmony with his life. All have heard the beautiful story of his self-denial, when, though suffering from the agony of a mortal wound, he gave up the water for which he had earnestly implored, to a soldier who was dying near, saying, "he has more need of it than I, poor fellow."

And now, having brought the brief history of this gallant gentleman to a close, we may be permitted to indulge in the train of reflections which is naturally awakened.

In an age when the successful courtier was the subtlest proficient in the servile science of adulation, we have seen one who despised flattery as "alike unworthy of the receiver and

the giver." At a period when obscenity passed for wit, there was one who continued unsoiled and blameless. While the moral atmosphere by which he was surrounded, was tainted and impure, there was one whose light burned steadily and clear. At a time when unbounded license, under its honied title, gallantry, was the initial proposition of a nobleman's creed, he remained as pure and chaste as his mother could have asked in her prayers. Neither wealth corrupted, nor cupidity tempted him; prosperity did not unduly elate him, nor adversity depress him. Now, whence was this unusual strength? Harken to "rare old Ben," who thus speaks of this noble family,

"They are, and have been taught RELIGION.
Thence
Their gentle spirits have sucked innocence,

Each morn and even they are taught to pray
With the whole household, and may every day
Reade in their virtuous parents' noble parts,
The mysteries of manners, arms and arts."

This then was the guardian angel, evoked by a mother's love which had panoplied and protected him. *He* could not be an adept in flattery or dissimulation, who had been taught to reverence God more than he feared man. *He* could not be obscene or unchaste, whose earliest associations clustered around the form of a woman—his sainted mother—as she in winning tones dictated to his youthful mind the sublime truths of the Gospel. *He* could not trample upon female virtue; *he* dare not soil its purity upon whose heart was engraven the pure image of a sister's loveliness and truth.

D.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH GOD.

FATHER! I ask not life of Thee!
My spirit longs to find repose,
Far from this scene of strife with Thee,
My heart its hope upon Thee throws,
Father! I ask not life of Thee!

Father! there is no wealth for me
Which earth can give, that I request,
My body asks not health of Thee,
The grave alone can give it rest.
Father! I ask not wealth of Thee!

Give me companionship with Thee!
Thy love will lighten every task,
Death will be but a sleep with Thee,
And for eternity I ask,
Father! companionship with Thee!

PHILO.

THE SUNSET.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Sunset'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time, starting with a whole rest and ending with a quarter note G. The middle and bottom staves form a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part begins with a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

See

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "how the soft de - clin - ing day its gol - den man - tie spreads! 'Tis". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "but the sun's de - part - ing ray Be - fore the eve - ning shades; The". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

THE SUNSET.

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earth ob-scures him from our sight, But still, where'er he goes, He

walks in floods of brill- liant light, Nor aught of dark- ness knows.

2.

Thus, when the days of life decline,
 The Christian greets the tomb ;
 Soft beams at his departure shine
 To dissipate the gloom :
 The unseen spirit onward soars,
 While shadows disappear ;
 Celestial light around him pours,
 Far from this earthly sphere.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE spring flowers are not yet in bloom, but they will soon be around us. Meanwhile the Parlor Table has not been without its decorations. The long winter evenings, now gone, have been relieved and cheered by the company of those who being dead yet speak in their works, and perpetuate their usefulness by the memorials they left behind them, when they ascended.

Thus we have been reading the memoirs of two eminent men, in some respects alike, in others widely different, yet both useful beyond their cotemporaries, both having left a name to go down to future generations among them on whom descended blessings from those ready to perish. We refer to Whitefield and Nettleton. The press has just given us new editions of the lives of these men, and instead of being confined to this closing page of our number for a sketch of their characters, we might rather begin at the first, and then fail in the task. But we would have these books in all our families. They are well adapted to awaken the revival spirit in the hearts of those who read, and we will pray that heaven may have in store yet other Nettletons and other Whitefields, to bless the world with their seraphic eloquence, and to turn many to righteousness.

The School Girl in France is a story to illustrate the danger of placing children under the instruction of Roman Catholics; and well would it be if Protestant parents were aware of the hazard they run when they thus put the souls of their immortal offspring in the hands of the Papal power.

The Hon. George P. Marsh's Oration before the New England Society, has been published in handsome style by M W. Dodd. Mr. Marsh is one of the ripest scholars of this country, and this production, in point of style and thought, is worthy of the author's name and fame.

The Supremacy of Mind, is the title of a discourse delivered in Albany before the Young Men's Association, by the Rev. Samuel Fisher. The style is bold, vigorous, and attractive, and the sentiment worthy of being pondered and improved by the young men of our times.

Uncle Barnaby's Recollections will not be forgotten by those who read them; quaint and striking in his observations, he tells plain truths in a plain way, and his thoughts are worth thinking over again.

One of the most remarkable productions of the season is *Mordecai M. Noah's* lecture on the Restoration of the *Jews*. Himself a Jew, the temper with which he speaks of the religion of Jesus, is such as to secure the candid attention of the reader to the peculiar views which he advocates respecting the ways and means of bringing the ancient people of God back to the land of their fathers. He thinks the government of the United States has been raised up as the agent in the great work of restoration; and he therefore appeals with confidence to the people to come to the rescue of his long scattered and peeled brethren.

The Poet's Gift, illustrated by one of our painters, is an elegantly printed book, from the Boston press, containing a selection of American poetry. The volume is in a high degree ornamental, and the selections are made with taste.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.—We are pained to hear that the health of this gifted lady is declining, and that she will probably write but little more for the press. Few ladies, perhaps none, of the present day, have enjoyed a wider or better earned popularity than Mrs. Tonna, and not one of her works is more full of interest and instruction than the volume which records her "personal recollections," the story of her own trials, and the vicissitudes of her life, which have been most extraordinary and romantic. Her spirit is purely that of a Protestant Christian; and the vigor of her powers has been devoted to the spread of truth, which must be useful in opening the eyes of all who read, to the insidious nature of Romanism.

That her life may be prolonged, and that we may have yet many more of the productions of her refined heart, we would fondly pray; but if she is soon removed, we will rejoice that our day has enjoyed the light of her genius and the fruit of her toils.

GOOD—BETTER—BEST; OR, THREE WAYS OF MAKING A HAPPY WORLD.—This is the title of a book published by the AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. Its object is to give right direction to acts of beneficence. "Where am I to begin, then, in benefaction? At my neighbor,—and my neighbor is the nearest sufferer in my way." The work is written with more than ordinary talent, and designed for minds more mature than are usually found in the class of a Sunday School.

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M. G. S. 1840

THE BEACH, BEACHHEAD, THE AMERICAN BEACH.

Engraved by J. G. S. 1840. Published by J. G. S. 1840.

W. H. S. 1840

Published for the London and W. H. H. H.

